

Cynthia's Charm

By Maria A. Crawford

"Is-is it really you?"

Cynthia was taken off her guard. She found herself stammering like a school girl at her unexpected encounter with Tom Thorne. It is not an easy task, even for a woman of the world, to receive, graciously a man who has failed to return her love. Three years before, at her coming-out party, young as she was, she had suddenly realized that Thorne himself and his indifferently bestowed attentions meant more to her than anybody or anything else in her life. Simultaneously with her knowledge of conditions had come his announced determination to travel for several years. He had worked hard for a long time—he told her in his thoroughly impersonal way when he had asked her to sit out a dance and he had decided to play for a while. There were certain conditions—he had said—which made a long trip imperative.

"I daresay," he had laughed as he told her good-bye, "that I shall run across you on your honeymoon somewhere in Europe. I wish," he had added seriously, "that something would fire your ambition, Cynthia. I have watched you since you were a little girl and your mental calibre is too fine to be wasted in an ordinary life, talking and dancing with these little fellows who caper to the sound of society's music. Good-bye and good luck to you!"

A few months later when her father died, a note had reached her from Thorne, dated in Egypt, assuring her of his sympathy for her and of his sense of personal loss. When her affairs had been adjusted, she went abroad for two years and then, returning home and finding the weather severe, she decided to spend the winter with a party of friends in the south. A few days after her arrival on accepting an invitation to dinner, he was surprised to find Thorne there.

"Cynthia," he had echoed, "is it really you? What a long, long time since I went to your party to offer my homage at the court of a new queen! Life has certainly been generous to you," he said, noting her mature beauty.

"Oh no," she interrupted, "life took all I had two years ago."

"You have never married then?" Cynthia saw a sudden light in his dark eyes as he bent almost eagerly toward her.

"No," she answered quietly. Then dinner was announced.

Before the dinner was over Thorne

reflected that Cynthia had made the most of her possibilities. He had never said a woman talk so entertainingly. She easily dominated the conversation; in a quiet unassuming way, she tactfully steered the talk into interesting channels—art—current events—travel and matters of general interest. The men, he knew, were secretly thankful that for once they had not been forced to discuss or to listen to gossip and to the small talk that is so prevalent. Cynthia was a type of the possible new woman, progressive without aufragette tendencies. She was wholesome, she was sane, she was sincere.

Thorne became conscious of the fact that a woman was questioning him. "You have known Cynthia Wayne for a long time, haven't you?" she asked curiously.

"Yes, ever since she was a little girl in short dresses."

"How interesting! It's funny how she has remained single when all the men go mad over her. I suppose she sat on your knee and showed you her dolls in those old days?" questioned the woman archly. "You really look awfully young to have been cast in the elder brother role to a beauty," went on the facetious one not granting him time to answer.

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"No," Cynthia's eyes rested on his for a second. "I really wish that he had been in love with me."

Something gripped at the man's heart and a clamorous, primitive impulse to take his own in the face of every odd made his retort quick and intense.

"It isn't too late yet, is it, Cynthia?"

He found himself a little later walking in the rose garden with the girl. A soft yellow moon hung in the southern sky and lighted up the fragrant paths, sweet with flowers and the breath of magnolias. A nightingale, his breast throbbing with passion, wooed his mate with many a silvery trill somewhere in the dark cypress trees.

"What became of young McConnell, Cynthia? Your father thought you meant to marry him."

"Did father mention it to you?"

"Yes, asked me what I thought of him as a man."

"How strange. I can't understand that, for Bob McConnell never cared for me that way."

"Let's sit here on this old bench, Cynthia. I've lots of things to say to you. You don't mind?" He lighted a cigar with hands that shook.

"No, I still like good smoke. You and father taught me that."

"What have the years brought you?"

"Knowledge—of everything."

"I wanted to be near you when your father died. The thought of you never left my mind."

"Thank you for that. It was hard, harder, I think, because there was nobody to whom I could turn. It seemed so strange to me that the sun kept shining and the little world of humanity that daily passed my door went by unheeding even though my heart was shrouded in grief. It seemed so cruel for the world to go on in its usual matter-of-fact way. I was the only one, it appeared, who had been left out of the scheme of things."

"I would have come to you if I had dared to believe I could serve you."

"I tried to interest myself in business, travel and books. It kept my heart from breaking."

"In all this time, Cynthia, has there been no man whom you could love and trust?"

"Cynthia's throat was tight. She waited a minute before answering. "Yes, there was a man. There is always a man, you know."

"Can you, you can tell me about him?"

"There is nothing to tell. He didn't love me. I have measured all the men I have known by his standard and finding them to fall short, I have not accepted a substitute. You see I have closed my gate of Paradise with clean though faltering fingers."

"I could marry a man whom I didn't love in the same foolish, unworthy way that I loved—that man."

"You haven't moped about, that's certain, for I have traveled a bit and have known many women but I have never known beauty and brilliance to be as well blended as I have found them in you."

"Don't flatter, please!" begged Cynthia.

"I want to—to know about the man. He was a fool not to care. How do you know that he didn't care?"

"The look in her eyes at the table when she had said that she wished he had loved her burned in his brain and he urged an answer."

"How could you know that he didn't care?"

"Because he never told me."

"But perhaps—Oh, Cynthia, dear, I ran away from the pain of losing you. Maybe he was like that."

"Why, why, you laughed when you told me good-bye," sobbed Cynthia, suddenly. "You laughed—"

But Thorne's arms were around her and he was holding her as if he never meant to give her up again so speech was impossible.

"Women have a way of letting men know. Why didn't you give me a chance, Cynthia?"

"Tom," said Cynthia then, "father told you about Bob McConnell and his

out your own attitude. It has come to me. One birthday you gave me your picture in a little silver frame. I remember that I teased you for it. I kept it on my desk and one night father came into my room when I had it in my hands looking at it. 'I believe,' he said, 'that old Tom is your not impossible be, daughter. Is it true?' he asked and I jumped up and threw my arms around his neck and told him that—that I believed so, too."

"Little girl of my heart! Oh, Cynthia, I love you."

"I suppose they're somewhere out there in that mad moonlight. I knew that elder brother business was all talk. I tell you, Jim, Thorne's the man. I saw it in Cynthia's eyes."

"How," asked Cynthia softly. "To keep a secret for three years and then to give it away to a dinner party?"

"Trust a woman to find out another woman's secret! I hate gossiping old women but you know I think that I am going to love her."

"So am I," said Cynthia promptly.

CHURCHVILLE

Wedding bells will soon ring in our town. Harry Dost has been quite busy weaving carpet.

Rev. P. J. Strohauf has organized a men's Bible class.

Quite a number of our people are sick with colds and tonsillitis.

A kitchen shower was given Miss Mabel Scott, Saturday evening.

Miss Loretta Black is assisting in her father's store at Newtown.

Miss Rebecca Lowmes spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Vanhorn spent Sunday with Mrs. Vanhorn's parents.

Frank Heston has put a car load of crushed stone in front of his property.

Mrs. William Cooper has been sick for some time, but is improving now.

William Black has been beautifying T. W. Pratt's house with paper and paint.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Feaster visited Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Craig, at Plainfield, N. J., on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cornell spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. William Hawkins, at St. Berry.

Miss Anna George, of Philadelphia, visited on Sunday, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles George.

Mr. Strohauf invited the boys and young men to the parsonage Thursday evening for the purpose of organizing a Boy Scouts order.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tomlinson, of North Wales, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Harrison, of Southampton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harrison.

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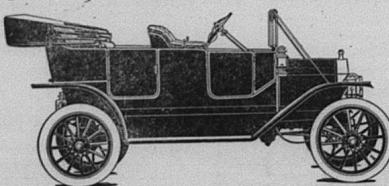
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HATBORO HOME HAPPENINGS

(Continued from Page Seven)

SOLD AND RENTED BY CORNELL.

Warren M. Cornell, real estate broker, reports the following: Sold the property of Andrew Lentz, on Depot street, house and lot, to Elmer Kerschbaum, of Hatboro, on private terms. Also two lots on Depot street, one for Holstead Brothers and the other for the brothers of Doylestown, to Emma H. Lentz, who will build a dwelling containing all modern conveniences during the coming spring and summer. The Kerschbaum family will move from the house on York road, belonging to Mr. Cornell to a house on Montgomery avenue, belonging to Mr. Lentz, until the new Lentz house is completed. House on Montgomery avenue belonging to F. A. Coloddy to Walter Carroll, of Ivyland. Rented house on Central avenue belonging to Viola Marple to Harry Clymer, of Glenside. Property on Byberry avenue to Wellington Heydrick. Property on Depot street belonging to Edwin S. Ritchie to Randall Cornell, of Flourtown. Another property of Edwin S. Ritchie on Depot street to Rudolph Dager, of Warminster. House on Moreland avenue, of George W. Flavelle to Benjamin Worthington, of Bethayres.

Will hold a big combination sale of stock, wagons, farm implements and household goods on Saturday, March 16, at C. C. Moore's hotel, Hatboro.

SUDDEN DEATH FROM POISON.

Harvey D. Grasley, a young blacksmith, died suddenly at his home in Allentown, on Monday last. He had taken a poison to alleviate his pain and died soon after. Grasley had been in Hatboro last week and had rented, through Real Estate Agent Cornell, the Flavelle blacksmith shop on York road, adjoining the Paxson coal yard. Grasley had worked at his trade at Maple Glen last year and expected to spend next year in this borough. When he left home, he is said to have had about \$150 in his pocket. He returned, after several days absence, on Sunday and claimed that he had been beaten and robbed in Philadelphia late Friday night. The coroner and Allentown police are investigating Grasley's death. They believe the injuries he received in Philadelphia were partly the cause of death.

C. T. Loux will move to Abington about the first of April. Samuel Buckman spent the weekend with Clifford Randall, of Newtown.

Miss Adeline Yerkes spent several days last week in Norristown, visiting friends.

Miss Mary Weld spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. George Thomas, of Warminster.

N. E. Wood and wife entertained the Hosham Farmers' Club, last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Hockman expect to occupy their new house on Moreland avenue, shortly.

E. Fluck will occupy one of Henry Specht's new houses, on the Doylestown pike, Willow Grove.

A basket ball game will be played this Friday night between the High school girls and the Alumni.

Mrs. Stella Moore, of Philadelphia, spent several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Downie. Mrs. Downie continues very ill.

Many from Hatboro attended the Carrell-Hockman wedding at Ivyland on Saturday afternoon last. W. W. Wilgus was the caterer in charge.

The four-act play, "Home-Ties" was repeated in Loller hall last Saturday evening for the benefit of the M. E. Brotherhood. All the participants creditably filled their parts.

L. P. Worthington & Co., Civil engineers, have purchased the good-will, equipment and considerable local data of E. S. Ritchie, of Hatboro, former county surveyor of Montgomery county.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Carrell, of Ivyland, will occupy a house on Montgomery avenue, this borough. The house is now tenanted by R. E. Kempert, who will move from the borough.

F. Leslie Cravin has been appointed sexton of Hatboro Baptist church. He succeeds G. W. McVaugh, who moves to York street and Moreland avenue. Leslie also expects to raise fancy chickens.

The Dager-Robinson Automobile company delivered a handsome new Buick, Model 25, to D. Paul Muselman, of Bala, this week. The car was fitted with a coupe top, made especially to order and was admired by all those who saw it. It was fully equipped, including electric light.

The Southampton Fire Company will give a western drama entitled, "Jim Burley's Ranch," in Loller hall this Saturday night. This play has been given a number of times through this section for the benefit of the fire company and is proving quite a success. It was first played in Southampton, afterwards in Huntington Valley and will also be played at Somerton and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. Penrose Robinson gave a dinner followed by a dance at Moore's Inn on Saturday evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Moon, of Trenton; Mr. and Mrs. David L. Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cullen, of Ogontz; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Acton, of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert K. Taylor, of Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Felt, of Elkins Park; Mr. and Mrs. William Fretz, Harry Hendrickson, Mr. and Mrs. James Turner and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Cox, of Jenkintown; Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lakens and Mrs. Ruth Pusey, of Germantown; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Robinson, Wood Robinson, J. P. Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Watson, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Morgan, of Willow Grove; Dr. and Mrs. C. O. Dager and Mr. and Mrs. Walther Rothwell, of Hatboro; Miss Caroline Thacker, Philadelphia; Dr. and Mrs. Howard Wilson of Roslyn; William H. Yerkes, Norristown.

NEIGHBORHOOD LEGEND

Paper Read by Mrs. Hannah Parry Williams Before the Hatboro Neighbors.

There are so many things of interest that happened a hundred years or more ago. Just imagine the difference in the farmers' life of then and now. They lacked nearly every improved machine now so universally employed and when the harvest was completed in the rudest form, the small surplus was prepared for market and was borne over mired roads in springless wagons to the city for exchange for the few groceries and British manufactured goods they could afford to purchase in return. Nearly all for the consumption of the family. However, was raised on the farm. Flax grown, rotted, awigled, spun at home and woven by the village weavers, supplied shirting, wood cloth and summer wear, the last often ornamented as checks or plaids by copper and butternut dyes. Sheep yielded their carcasses for food and fleeces for winter flannels and after the laboring ox had done the summer hauling and been fattened, the flesh was consumed or sold, and the hide went to the tannery to be converted into leather for home use.

Their mode of life was calculated to promote not only much more sociability than now prevails, but hospitality. Nearly all kinds of labor would be frequently performed and lightened through "frolics" in which nearly the whole neighborhood would be invited to join. Thus they had their grubbing, horse raising, log rolling, wood chopping, hulling, corn husking, apple cutting, apple butter boiling, quilting and other gatherings which encouraged and even intercourse.

The pursuit of the deer, the wolf, the bear, the turkey, and the wild pigeons were captured in nets in great numbers. All these tended to keep the people busy on a sport and pastime from the general labors of the farm.

An unusual excitement was gotten up in sport near Hatboro about 1770. Bears had disappeared from the forests and the people for several years and of course to capture one would create quite an interest. It was reported that a large one had been seen in the vicinity of the present Palmor mill, which, in consequence, created a stir among the sporting fraternity.

News spread rapidly and for weeks an eager search was kept up for such noble game. The sensation had about subsided when it was announced that the bear had been again seen near the aforesaid place early in the evening. A large party turned out, bringing into requisition nearly every dog and gun in the neighborhood. It was a moonlight night in autumn and the dogs, by their loud yelping and cries, announced that something unusual had turned up. The excited hunters started for the spot, where they found some thirty dogs assembled in a circle looking up at a tall white oak standing by itself. At a height of about sixty feet where the branches were the thickest, a large black object was perched. It was a bear, distinctly recognized looking down at the dogs. Now commenced at the object such a shooting and firing, that at last the bear moved, and down he came, his head striking a tree and he was a scamp of men and dogs to insure their safety, some stopping but little about for the spot. One or two of the nearest dogs not seeing the bear stir, approached and ventured to sniff on his back. The bear was pitched in to assist. The hunters now became amazed at the quantity of litter that filled the air and the scattered around. One bolder than the rest, with the muzzle of his extremely long gun, turned the bear over to be sure whether he was indeed a bear. When it proved to be only the skin of one ingeniously stuffed, it turned out afterward that a was in the neighborhood. The stuffed animal had been placed in the tree as a snare for a bear. It was fastened to a string and dragged over the ground from various directions to the foot of the tree, the scent of which had brought the dogs together and caused the alarm.

To prepare grain for bread for the people and for feed for domestic animals was one of the most indispensable wants of a newly settled people, hence grist mills were an important factor and as prepared timber was also one of the most important factors in our early history, the saw mill was fastened to nearly every grist mill.

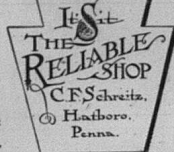
Perhaps all do not know of the old Ox Mill. Just above Prospectville crannery, where the old Butler road crosses the Little Nesamunh is a large three story stone building, known as the Ox mill. It was built by John E. Kenderline about 1830, partly for a dwelling but mainly as an engine house for grinding grain by ox power. Mill stones, and the necessary connecting machinery were placed in position on the second and third floor. In the basement was the endless wooden belt on which the oxen were to walk. This was called a water wheel and the mill was called a water mill. Two yokes of sturdy oxen, which were in readiness, soon took their place on the endless belt, and their place the day's work. The mill for a time ran steadily, and was a great convenience to the district and hard of the power used would not answer, as from close confinement in the cellar or crannery the oxen soon

(Continued from Page 11)

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